

By P. B. West

*Sweetest*  
**The flowret.** ~~sweetest~~ *richest*

There grew in ~~prettiest~~ loveliness,  
A flowret fresh and fair,  
As ever drank the morning dew,  
Or scented summer air,  
But the early winds of autumn,  
Soon its wasting fragrance bore,  
And chillings blasts of winter wail,  
Where all was bright before.

Seest thou the flowret blooming fair  
In healthful pleasures gay,  
In pride of youthful loveliness,  
The blossom of to-day,  
Ere shades of sorrowing sadness fall,  
Remember yet the flower,  
Its fragrance wasting beauties fading  
And the chilling hour.

Be thus our life, like op'ning flowers,  
That with perennial bloom,  
Clothe the Elysian fields of Light,  
Breathe thou their sweet perfume,  
Live not for earth's dark heritage,  
Curb not with errors chain,  
Life's real flight, but humbly strive  
Its choicest gifts to gain.

—P. B. W.